

**M**RS. ANTONY TERRY, the wife of our correspondent, was with him in the Budapest Legation until last Sunday. She reports:

"Being something of an amateur cook, I was on kitchen fatigue. We did our best with tinned stuff, but I am afraid our cooking gradually deteriorated as stocks ran out. Everybody's tempers stayed good. Our discomforts seemed ridiculous."



Mrs. Antony Terry  
—alias Sarah Gainsam the novelist.

lous, knowing what was happening in the rest of the town, and with Russian shells sighing over our roof as they bombarded the working section.

"The Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates, who had risked their lives to bring penicillin to the Hungarians, carried the stores from the basement six floors up to our only cooking-stove. Various men of distinction beautifully swept the wide marble staircases. The washing-up water was really hot only when an Oxford don burned the Legation account books. Their thick board covers made splendid

fuel. He was an economist and it hurt him to be destroying any kind of financial record.

"The Minister, Mr. Leslie Fry, and his staff were astonishingly kind to their eighty guests and shared all their discomforts. The women slept on the floors of the offices and the men in the corridors outside. We all developed large bruises from the hard floors.

#### What it was like

"The real heroes were the radio operators who kept the only radio link with the outside world. They handled the cables of all the foreign missions left in Budapest. They worked twenty hours a day.

"The Legation had been a bank and we got the steel vaults ready in case the Russians started bombing. Tanks make a terrible noise on cobbled streets. After they passed, shadows flitted along the street from door to door. Sometimes they got shot. One man lay on the pavement for three days. Someone put a newspaper over his face. The Russians did not bother about their dead. They never left the safety of their steel monsters."

#### Our Own Police

**B**EFORE the first black week of November is forgotten, I hope it will occur to both parties in the House to pay tribute to the Metropolitan Police Force.

For the record, Sir John Not-Bower tells me that it was the toughest week for the police since the clashes between Communists and Fascists in 1936. In the middle of it came the opening of Parliament, and on its heels the Lord Mayor's Show.

Policemen are human and their political sympathies must

have been as divided as the public's, but, sleepless and overworked, they handled the seething demonstrations, protest marches and rallies with phlegm and impartiality.

The Commissioner has a short answer for criticisms of

his police horses and their riders.

"Without horses," he says, "I wouldn't be responsible for law and order in London. In England our two hundred horses save us from far worse things like tear gas or calling

in the troops at times like these."

#### My Fair Pygmalion

**ALTHOUGH** "My Fair Lady," will not reach Drury Lane until the spring of 1958, Tennents, who hold the per-

forming rights, are taking no chances.

Last week the late organiser of a drama festival at Pitlochry was slightly refused permission to put on "Pygmalion," and there is talk of a ten-year ban on the play for the sake of the musical.

When I asked Mr. Hugh Beaumont of Tennents about it all, he was unrepentant. Without the ban, he thought, everyone would cash in on the success of the musical. "If we took 'My Fair Lady' to Manchester, the Library Theatre would be showing 'Pygmalion' the week before."

The Society of Authors, who, as Shaw's literary representatives originally gave permission for a ban, are now slightly palped at the efficiency with which Tennents took them at their word. But there is consolation in the prospect of faster royalties than Shaw ever earned in his lifetime.

#### Local Boy

**MR. GRAHAM SUTHERLAND'S** name is being freely, perhaps loosely, connected with the suggestion that a portrait of the Prime Minister should be commissioned by his old college, Christ Church, Oxford.

There is, I believe, every possibility that Mr. Sutherland will essay, his second Prime Minister if—and it's a mammoth "if"—both busy men can get round to it.

Incidentally Mr. Graham Sutherland's younger brother, Mr. C. H. V. Sutherland, has been a Student of Christ Church since 1945. One of the more worldly of Christ Church dons is credited with having said, at High Table, "Sutherland's brother's an artist, isn't he? He might be glad of the job."

#### Back to School

**MR. GAITSKELL'S** arrival, in blue suit and tie, to speak to the pupils at his old school, Winchester, last week, was greeted, I am told, with appreciative applause. The headmaster had previously requested the school not to demonstrate or heckle.

I understand he had also suggested that Mr. Gaitskell should not deal with foreign policy, but the Opposition leader at once brought up the issue of Suez. He urged the boys not to be embarrassed over the clash of opinion in the country which, he frequently affirmed, was not a party issue.

Asked what he intended to do with the school if the Socialists came into power, he replied that he had not yet decided, but that he, too, had

thought about social inequality whilst in the school.

A past member of the staff who had taught Mr. Gaitskell rose to deplore that the Opposition had divided the country in time of war. This brought loud applause. A further controversial question was cut short by the headmaster.

#### Mr. Secretary

**THIS** year's Royal Academy winter exhibition is devoted to English portraiture, and at its private view next Friday the secretary, Mr. H. M. Phryre Brooke, will doubtless accompany the more favoured guests his customary cordial greeting.

Advancing with the friendly but resolute manner of one about to rub noses with a Polynesian chief, he will draw back at the crucial moment and proffer instead a conversational titbit of a markedly conservative kind. For Mr. Brooke, though young for his position (he was thirty-eight at the time of his appointment in 1952), has taken its gravitas unto himself.

#### True Blue

A Yorkshireman, with several generations of mill-owners behind him, Mr. Brooke has many of the attributes of the natural True Blue—not least the passion for country pursuits which has earned him the friendship of Sir Alfred Munnings. A discerning collector (he owns one of Mr. Augustus John's most remarkable paintings), he took a First in History at Oxford, and a foundation member of the Gustav Mahler Society and (rare combination!) an enthusiastic shot.

No man has a more beautiful office, but in November the secretary puts aside the niceties of administration and spends much of his time in the Academy galleries. Carpenter, cataloguer and furniture-re-mover he must inescapably be, while the huge open fire burns down behind his empty chair and the last light glimmers on the great gold decorations by Kent. Much of our pleasure, next Friday, hangs upon these exertions.

#### The Gnat

**W**hen the Lysander, the Whirlwind and the Canberra, W. E. W. Petter, a descendant of the "Petter's Engine" family, was established as an outstanding designer of aircraft.

But when, six years ago, he was appointed managing director of Folland Aircraft, he looked as though his designing days were over. Follands were

manufacturers of aircraft components and had never built an aeroplane.

Petter promptly designed the prototype of the Folland Gnat.

#### Prophet Without Honour

At a time when developments in fighter aircraft meant more weight and cost, the Gnat was a fast, lightweight jet aircraft at about a third of the normal cost.

Both the R.A.F. and N.A.T.O. thought the Gnat too unorthodox, but first India, and now



Petter of the Gnat

Finland, have placed large orders for it and Petter, who at no time had any Government backing for his project, can afford further developments. These are in the direction of a Gnat II high-altitude interceptor, a Gnat IV to reach 15 times the speed of sound, and a two-seater trainer.

And that, he told me last week, is as far as he can see ahead because "It's amazing how quickly you can get through half a million at this game."

#### Overheard . . .

**I**N the Stock Exchange, "U.N.O. fiddles while Burns roams."

In the Senior Common Room, "This place is nothing but a hotbed of cold feet."

#### People and Words

"Moral leadership is not altogether to be judged by the number of high-minded platitudes you utter. It may sometimes be judged by the actions you take, too."

—MR. WILLIAM DEERES, M.P. for the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, Home Office.

"A man who is drowning needs help, not speeches."

—CATHALIN MURKERTY.

"The United States has never advocated open rebellion by an uneducated popular assembly force over which they could not possibly prevail."

—PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

"The great danger facing the Middle East is not Colonel Nasser, nor technically knotted out gas jet towers and a diesel engine to revive him for another round."

—GENERAL TIGHE, YAFD, Former Chief of Staff of the Israeli Army.

"Everybody who has a hobby that is losing money wants to call it a hobby."

—JUDGE ROBERT MICKLIN.

"People must be getting as fed up with reading about Diana Dors as I am."

—MISS DIANA DORS.